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Songs.

ELEGIAC. SEA.

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The Songs which have already been printed in the " Literary Miscellany " with the poems of some of our most celebrated bards, and others which are intended to be printed in that way, do not appear in these compilations.

Respecting the nature and tendency of these selections.---The Songs retained are divested of expressions of violent and enthusiastic passion. Every subject presented possesses some preceptive rule, moral sentiment, or elegant thought. We have found no room for indecency, trifling composition, or the insipidity of modern operas: the most enchanting powers of musical composition cannot atone for the base alloy of levity, vulgarity, and nonsense. All bacchanalian songs are rejected, because virtue and reason forbid us to join the crowd in misleading the inexperienced and unwary, or to scatter flowers in the paths of vice and profligacy. Songs favouring false notions of honour and glory to be obtained in war (that crime and scourge of nations, that business of ambition, that disgrace of the human kind, that profession of butchery), will make another exception. Some of the ancient ballads, of this species of composition, will be retained, for the sake of their simplicity of style and pathos: relations of dreadful battles, and wonderful adventures of knights-errant and legendary saints, excite rather a curiosity respecting the folly, superstition, and credulity of former times, than impressions of reality or truth. Hunting is a savage unmanly sport, comporting ill with European refinements, and ought to be employed, not as a diversion, but in cases of extreme necessity only, and even then with reluctance; songs of this class are therefore discarded.

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SONGS,

elegiac.

For tenderness fram'd, in life's early day,
a parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way:
the lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
and ere words were my own, I spoke with a sigh.
The nightingale plunder'd—the mate-widow'd dove—
the warbled complaint from the suffering grove—
to youth, as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new;
the object still changing, the sympathy true.
Soft embers of passion, still rest in the glow!
a warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
or if, too indulgent, the blessing I claim,
let the spark drop from reason, that wakens the flame.

General Burgoyne.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame
an angel's virtues lay;
too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
and call'd its own away.
my Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
must never more return;
what now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah, me!—my Anna's urn.
Can I forget that hope refin'd,
which blest, when her I knew?

Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd,
were bound by love too true.
The rural train, which once were us'd
in festive dance to turn,
well pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
now, weeping, deck her urn!
E'en while escaping from her chain,
she clasp'd me to her breast;
'to part with thee is all my pain!'
She cry'd—then sunk to rest.
While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
thus from my Anna torn,
my heart shall breath a ceaseless strain
of sorrow o'er her urn.
There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
laments her murder'd mate;
there Philomela, lost to love,
tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me spread,
my Anna there I 'll mourn;
for all my soul (now she is dead)
concenters in her urn.

My William left his Nancy dear,
and sought the foe he scorn'd to fear;
from Nancy dear, would William go;
the foe he fear'd not laid him low.
Weep, virgins, weep, my William's slain;
ye ne'er shall "see his like again."
Ah! tell me not, that now no more
war bids her murd'ring thunder roar;

my heart partakes not in the news,
for what, alas! have I to lose,
who still must weep my William slain,
nor e'er can "see his like again."

J. Harrison.

INDIAN DEATH SONG.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
but glory remains when their lights fade away;
begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in vain,
for the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
why so slow! do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
No—the son of Alknomook can never complain.

Remember the wood, where in ambush we lay,
and the scalps which we bore from your nation away:
now the flame rises high, you exult in my pain,
but the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
his ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain,
and the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain!

Mrs. Hunter.

A dawn of hope my soul revives,
and banishes despair;
if yet my dearest Damon lives,
make him, ye gods! your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
my tender grief remove;
oh! send some cheering ray of light,
and guide me to my love!

Thus, in a secret, friendly, shade,
the pensive Cælia mourn'd,
while courteous Echo lent her aid,
and sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden, Damon's well-known face
each rising fear disarms;
he eager springs to her embrace,
she sinks into his arms.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
the hunter now has left the moor,
the scatter'd coveys left secure,
while here I wander, prest with care,
along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
by early winter's ravage torn;
across her placid, azure sky,
she sees the scowling tempest fly:
chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
where many a danger I must dare,
far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'T is not the surging billow's roar,
't is not that fatal, deadly shore;

tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
the wretched have no more to fear:
but round my heart the ties are bound,
that heart transpierc'd with many a wound:
these bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
to leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
her heathy moors and winding vales;
the scenes where wretched fancy roves,
pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
my peace with these, my love with those—
the bursting tears my heart declare,
farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

Robert Burns.

The rose had scarce bloom'd on Matilda's fair cheek,
ere the rude hand of care began to molest;
her charms to dishonour too soon fell a wreck,
and sorrow, alas! robb'd her bosom of rest.
O Matilda, sweet maid! how cruel was love!
that taught thee misfortune's distresses to prove.

When robb'd of her virtue, what charm could restore
that sweet peace of mind which her early days knew?
when love gayly smil'd as the moments pass'd o'er,
then tranquil her hours, for unheeded they flew:
but, ah! as the lily that droops its fair head,
she ne'er tasted peace since her mansion she fled.

Now wretched, abandon'd, and lost to repose,
the tear of soft sympathy adds to her grief;
and friendship, that sooth'd, now but wakens her woes;

for love once betray'd can no more know relief:
oh, Matilda, sweet maid! how cruel was love,
that taught thee misfortune's distresses to prove.

"*Sorrows of the Heart.*"

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
and from my native shore:
the cruel fates between us throw
a boundless ocean's roar:
but boundless oceans, roaring wide,
between thy love and me,
can never still our hearts divide,
or part my soul from thee.

Farewell, my sweet Eliza, dear,
thou maid whom I adore!
a boding voice speaks in mine ear,
'we part to meet no more!'
But the last throb that heaves my heart,
while death stands victor by,
that throb, Eliza, is thy part,
and thine that latest sigh!

Robert Burns.

Adieu to the village delights,
which lately my fancy enjoy'd!
no longer the country invites,
to me all its pleasures are void:
adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill!
thou canst not my comfort restore;
for ever adieu, my dear vill!
my Lucy, alas! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,
my blessing! my honour! my pride!
who ne'er gave me cause to complain,
till that fatal day when she dy'd:
her eyes that so beautiful shone,
are closed, for ever, in sleep;
and mine, since my Lucy is gone,
have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,
like a fountain, they never should cease;
but Lucy, alas! is no more,
and I am a stranger to peace:
let me copy, with fervour devout,
the virtues which glow'd in her heart;
then, soon as life's sand is run out,
we shall meet again never to part.

QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

O thou lov'd country! where my youth was spent,
dear golden days! all pass'd in sweet content;
where the fair morning of my clouded day
shone mildly bright, and temperately gay.
Dear France! adieu! a long and sad farewell;
no thought can image, and no tongue can tell,
the pangs I feel at that drear word, farewell.

The ship that wafts me from thy friendly shore,
conveys my body, but conveys no more;
my soul is thine; that spark of heav'nly flame,
that better portion of my mingled frame,

is wholly thine; that part I give to thee,
that in the temple of thy memory,
the other ever may enshrined be.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain;
these walls can but echo my moan;
alas! it increases my pain
when I think on the days that are gone:
thro' the grates of my prison I see
the birds, as they wanton in air;
my heart, how it pants to be free!
my looks, they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' opprest by, my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
she ne'er can subdue me to those!
False woman! in ages to come,
thy malice detested shall be;
and when we are cold in the tomb,
some heart will feel sorrow for me.

Ye roofs! where chill damps and dismay
with silence and solitude dwell,
how comfortless passes the day!
how sad tolls the evening bell!
the owls from the battlements cry;
hollow winds seem to murmur around,
'O Mary! prepare thee to die;'—
my blood it runs cold at the sound.

MAJOR ANDRE'S COMPLAINT,

composed by himself, during his confinement.

Return, enraptur'd hours,
when Delia's heart was mine;
when she with wreaths of flow'rs
my temples did entwine!
no jealousy nor care
corroded in my breast,
but visions light as air
presided o'er my rest.

Now, nightly round my bed,
no airy visions play;
nor flow'rets deck my head,
each vernal holiday:
but far from these sad plains
the lovely Delia flies,
while rack'd with jealous pains
her hapless lover dies.

BLUE EYED MARY.

In a cottage, embosom'd within a deep shade,
like a rose in a desert, oh! view the meek maid;
her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,
and a bosom for which e'en a monarch might sigh:
then in neat sunday-gown, see her met by the 'Squire,
all attraction her countenance, his all desire;
he accosts her—she blushes; he flatters—she smiles;
and soon blue-ey'd Mary 's seduc'd by his wiles.
Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er,

but the fleece, when once stain'd, can know whiteness
no more;
the aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy,
to town the 'Squire presses—how can she deny?
There, behold her in lodgings; she dresses in style,
public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle;
learns to squander; they quarrel; his love turns to hate;
and soon blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,
with a heart that recoils at a Prostitute's name,
she tries for a service; her character's gone,
and for skill at her needle, alas! 't is unknown:
pale want now approaches; the pawnbroker 's near;
and her trinkets and clothes, one by one disappear;
till, at length, sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate
grown,
the poor blue-eyed Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next see her, trick'd out to allure,
and all ages, all humours compell'd to endure;
compell'd, tho' disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
with an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain:
now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,
and by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd;
now this worst of all misery she 's doom'd to endue,
for the poor blue ey'd Mary is now an impure.

Next, to banish all thought, and stifle remorse,
to the bottle she flies! oh fatal resource!
grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,
whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame:
now with eyes dim and languid, the once blooming
maid,
in a garret, on straw, faint and helpless is laid;

oh! mark her pale cheek; see! she scarce takes her
breath;
and lo, her blue-eyes are now seal'd up in death!

THE HIGH METTLED RACER.

See! the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are
begun;
the confusion, but hear! 'I bet you, sir!' 'done!'
'done!'
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear;
while with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his
breast;
scarcely snuffing the air, he 's so proud and elate,
thus the high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud;
lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some
blood;
while knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
tell, his dam won this sweep, his sire that race;
and what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er,
as they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse door;
while the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides
goad,
the high-mettled racer 's a hack on the road.

Till, at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill;
or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still;

and now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
in the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
while a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
the high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

Dibdin.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
that rises o'er the source of Dee;
and, from the eastern summit, shed
her silver light on tower and tree;
when Mary laid her down to sleep,
her thoughts on Sandy far at sea:
then soft and low a voice was heard
say—'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently rais'd
her head, to ask who there might be,
and saw young Sandy shivering stand,
with pallid cheek and hollow eye.
'O, Mary, dear! cold is my clay,
it lies beneath a stormy sea;
far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
so, Mary, weep no more for me!

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
we toss'd upon the raging main,
and long we strove our bark to save,
but all our striving was in vain:
e'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
my heart was fill'd with love for thee.
The storm is past and I at rest;
so, Mary, weep no more for me!

'O! maiden dear! thyself prepare;
we soon shall meet upon that shore
where love is free from doubt or care,
and thou and I shall part no more.'
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled!
no more of Sandy could she see;
but soft the passing spirit said,
'O! Mary! weep no more for me.'

MARY'S DEATH.

Loud toll'd the stern bellman of night,
when Mary, dejected and sad,
to the turf had directed her flight,
wherein her cold lover lay clad.

'How long, my lov'd Sandy!' she cry'd,
'must my heart in lone anguish complain?
How long till in death we 're ally'd,
and Fate cannot part us again?'

'Hark! hark! 't is a voice from the tomb;'
'come, Mary,' it cries, 'come away!
to partake of thy lover's sad doom,
and rest thee beside his cold clay.'

'I hear the kind call, and I come—
ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haste to my Sandy's dark tomb,
to die on his bosom, so true.

I hear the kind call and obey;
ah! Sandy! receive me!' she cry'd—
then breathing a sigh o'er his clay,
she hung on his tombstone—and dy'd.

LADY JANE GREY'S LAMENTATION.

From these dread walls, this melancholy tow'r,
(doom'd the sad victim of relentless pow'r)
where Ruin sits in gloomy pomp array'd,
and circling horrors spread their mournful shade,
I send the tribute of a short'ning life,
the last memorial of a faithful wife!
For ev'ry hope on this side heav'n is dead,
and Death's pale banner waves around my head.
It yet, perchance, may cheer my lord to know
that Suffolk's daughter sinks not with her woe:
beneath its weight I feel myself resign'd,
tho' strong the pressure—stronger still my mind;—
this duty paid to thee, each care is o'er,
nor my hard fortune shall distress me more.

From her, alas! whose smile was love,
I wander to some lonely cell:
my sighs too weak—the maid to move,
I bid the flatterer, Hope, farewell.
By all her Siren arts, forgot,
that fill'd my bosom with alarms:
ah! let her crime—a little spot,
be lost amidst her blaze of charms.
As on I wander slow, my sighs,
at ev'ry step, for Cynthia mourn:
my anxious heart within me dies,
and, sinking, whispers, 'oh, return.'

Deluded heart! thy folly know—
nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—
by absence, thou shalt lose thy woe;
and only flutter at her name.

Dr. Wolcot.

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
which Mary to Anna convey'd;
the plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r
and weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet,
and it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
to weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
on the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
for a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
and swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it! it fell to the ground.

'And such,' I exclaim'd, 'is the pitiless part,
some act by the delicate mind,
regardless of wringing or breaking a heart
already to sorrow inclin'd!

'This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
and the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
may be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile.'

In airy dreams soft fancy flies,
my absent love to see;
and with the early dawn I rise,
dear youth! to think on thee.

How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
while love and hope were new;
sweet as the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
but, ah! as transient too.

How long shall hapless Colin mourn
the cold regard of Delia's eye?
the heart whose only crime is love,
can Delia's softness doom to die?
Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear;
thy beauties, O divinely bright!
In one short hour by Delia's side,
I taste whole ages of delight.

Yet, tho' I lov'd thee more than life;
not to displease a cruel maid,
my tongue forbore its fondest tale,
and sigh'd amid the distant shade.
What happier shepherd wins thy smile,
a bliss for which I hourly pine?
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vales,
and fleecy flocks, are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
and few the flocks those vales do rove,
with wealth I court not Delia's heart,
a nobler bribe I offer,—Love!
Yet, should the virgin yield her hand,
and, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone,
the act may make my bosom bleed,
but surely cannot bless her own.

Dr. Wolcot.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear;
when forc'd abroad to go,
adown her cheeks ran many a tear,
my heart was fraught with woe.
Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
the land we left behind;
her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
my sighs increas'd the wind.
We plough'd the deep, and now between
us lay the ocean wide;
for five long years I had not seen
my sweet, my bonny bride.
That time I sail'd the world around,
for my dear Polly's sake;
but press'd as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.
The pressgang I implor'd in vain
to let me go on shore;
I long'd to see my Poll again,
but saw my Poll no more!
'And have they torn my love away?
and is he gone?'—she cry'd:
my Polly—sweetest flow'r of May!
then languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

Blow!—blow, thou Winter's wind!
thou art not so unkind
as man's ingratitude;
thy tooth is not so keen,

because thou art not seen,
altho' thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
most friendship is feigning—most loving mere folly:
then, heigh ho! the holly,
this life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!—
thou dost not bite so nigh
as benefits forgot.
Tho' thou the waters warp,
thy sting is not so sharp
as friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
most friendship is feigning—most loving mere folly:
then, heigh ho! the holly,
this life is most jolly.

Shakspeare.

Our grotto was the sweetest place!
the bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,
would check the brook's impetuous pace,
which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing.
'T was there we met, and gaz'd our fill;
ah! think on this, and love me still.

'T was then my bosom first knew fear—
fear to an Indian maid a stranger:
the war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
all warn'd me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my bosom fill;
ah! think on this, and love me still.

For him, by day with care conceal'd,
to bring him food I climb'd the mountain;
and when the night no form reveal'd,
jocund we sought the bubbling fountain.
Then, then would joy my bosom fill;
ah! think on this, and love me still.

"*Inkle and Yarico.*"

Despairing beside a clear stream,
a shepherd forsaken was laid,
and, while a false nymph was his theme,
a willow supported his head;
the wind that blew over the plain
to his sighs with a sigh did reply,
and the brook in return to his pain
ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas! silly swain, that I was!'
thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
'when first I beheld that fair face,
't were better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,
when she smil'd it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
was nightingale ever so sweet!

'How foolish was I to believe
she would doat on so lowly a clown,
or that her fond heart would not grieve
to forsake the fine folks of the town;
to think that a beauty so gay,
so kind and so constant would prove,
or go clad like our maidens in gray,
and live in a cottage on love.

'What tho' I have skill to complain,
tho' the muses my temples have crown'd?
what tho' when they hear my soft strain,
the virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
thy fair one inclines to a swain
whose music is sweeter than thine.

'All you, my companions so dear,
who sorrow to see me betray'd,
whatever I suffer, forbear,
forbear to accuse the false maid;
tho' through the wide world I should range,
't is in vain from my fortune to fly;
't was her's to be false, and to change,
't is mine to be constant—and die.

'If while my hard fate I sustain,
in her breast any pity is found,
let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
and see me laid low in the ground:
the last humble boon that I crave
is to shade me with cypress and yew,
and when she looks down on my grave
let her own that her shepherd was true.

'Then to her new love let her go,
and deck her in golden array,
be finest at every fine show,
and frolick it all the long day:
when Colin forgotten and gone,
no more shall be talk'd of or seen,
unless when beneath the pale moon,
his ghost shall glide over the green.'

Rowe.

Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry,
oars and coat and badge, farewell;
never more at Chelsea ferry
shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
in the battle's heat I go;
where, expos'd to every danger,
some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
with the news my messmates come;
even you, my story hearing,
with a sigh may cry—'Poor Tom!'

Ah, where can fly my soul's true love?
sad I wander this lone grove;
sighs and tears for him I shed;
Henry is from Laura fled.
Thy love to me thou didst impart;
thy love soon won my virgin heart;
But, dearest Henry! thou 'st betray'd
thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
sighing sad, with pearly tears;
oft thy image is my theme,
as I wander on the green:
see from my cheek the colour flies,
and love's sweet hope within me dies;
for oh! dear Henry! thou 'st betray'd
thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
have you seen my Anna?
pride of every shady grove,
upon the banks of Banna!
I for her my home forsook,
near yon misty mountain;
left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
greenwood shade, and fountain.
Never shall I see them more
until her returning,
all the joys of life are o'er,
from gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
shepherds, tell me whither?
ah! woe's me, perhaps she's gone,
for ever and for ever!

TO STELLA.

Say, why that deep and frequent sigh
heaves thy soft bosom, gentle fair?
the tear that trembles in thine eye,
ah! flows it from the fount of care?
thou look'st, my love like some fair flower,
sinking beneath the dewy shower.
Too well I guess thy secret woe;
thou weep'st to think, that one short day
may bid thy beauties cease to glow,
and pilfer every grace away:

't is this that mèlts thy tearful eyes,
and heaves thy tender breast with sighs.
Yet shall not all thy beauties fade
beneath rough Time's austere controul;
his keenest frosts shall ne'er invade
the bright recesses of thy soul,
which, purer than the vestal flame,
for ever burns, and burns the same.

The Rev. N. Bull.

INDIAN SONG.

Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear,
tho' he be gone for ever;
for he no dead—he still live here,
and he from here go never.
Like on a sand me marke my face,
de wave come roll him over;
de mark he go, but still de place
't is easy to discover.

I see fore now de tree, de flower,
he droop like Orra, surely,
and den by 'm bye dere come a shower,
he hold him head up purely.
And so some time me tink me die,
me heart so sick he grieve me;
but in a lilly time me cry
good deal—and dat relieve me.

Dibdin.

INDIAN SONG.

When Yanko dear fight far away,
some token kind me send;
one branch of olive, for dat say
me wish de battle end.
De poplar tremble while him go,
say of dy life take care;
me send no laurel, for me know
of dat he find him share.
De ivy say, my heart be true;
me droop, say willow tree;
de torn, he say, me sick for you;
de sunflower, tink of me.
Till last me go weep wid de pine;
for fear poor Yanko dead:
he come! and I de myrtle twine
in chaplet for him head.

Dibdin.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
night and day on me she cries
to bear her company!
O would that in her darksome bed
my weary frame to rest were laid,
from love and anguish free!

One morning, very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
and cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me,
yet I love his parents, since they 're his, altho' they 've ruin'd me;
and I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers to call me to the sky,
I 'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
to guard him from all dangers how happy should I be!
for I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine,
with roses, lilies, daisies, I 'll mix the eglantine;
and I 'll present it to my love when he returns from sea,
for I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
to gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
for I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle to soar into the sky!
I 'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy;
but, ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see,
yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Now spring returns, but not to me returns,
the vernal joys my better days have known;
dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
and all the joys of life with health are flown.

The winged moments whose unstaying speed,
no art can stop, or in their course arrest,
whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
and lay me down in peace with them to rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,
and morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
and bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe,
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
the sluggish streams that softly creep below,
where mortals visit to return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains,
enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
where melancholy with still silence reigns,
and the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

Then let me wander at the close of eve,
when sleep sits heavy on the labourer's eye;
the world and all its busy follies leave,
and talk with wisdom where my Daphnæ lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
when death shall shut these weary, aching eyes,
rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

Michael Bruce.

SEA SONGS.

THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
list, ye landsmen, all to me!
messmates, hear a brother sailor
sing the dangers of the sea;
from bounding billows, first in motion,
when the distant whirlwinds rise,
to the tempest-troubled ocean,
where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
'by topsail sheets, and haulyards stand!
down top-gallants quick be hauling,
down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
the topsail-sheets now let go;
luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
up your topsails nimbly clew.'

Now all you on down beds sporting,
fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
safe from all but love's alarms;
round us roars the tempest louder;
think what fears our minds enthrall;
harder yet, it yet blows harder,
now again the boatswain calls!

'The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
see all clear to reef each course;
let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
reef the mizen, see all clear,
hands up, each preventure brace set,
man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!'

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring,
peal on peal contending clash,
on our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
in our eyes blue lightnings flash.
one wide water all around us,
all above us one black sky,
different deaths at once surround us,
hark! what means that dreadful cry!

'The foremast 's gone,' cries every tongue out,
'O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
a leak beneath the chest-tree 's sprung out,
call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
plumb the well—the leak increases,
four feet water in the hold.'

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
we for wives or children mourn:
alas! from hence there 's no retreating,
alas! to them there 's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us:
both chain-pumps are choak'd below.—
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
for only that can save us now.

'O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
to the pump, come ev'ry hand, boys,
see! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found it cann't pour fast,
we 've lighten'd her a foot or more;
up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, we 're off shore!'
Now once more on joys we 're thinking,
since kind heav'n has sav'd our lives;
come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
to our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
close to our lips a brimmer join,
where 's the tempest now, who feels it?
none—the danger 's drown'd in wine.

G. A. Stevens.

The topsails shiver in the wind,
the ship she casts to sea;
but yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
for, tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
still love shall be his leading star.
Should landmen flatter when we 're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
no gallant sailor ever fail'd,
if Cupid fill'd his sails:
thou art the compass of my soul,
which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
more fell than rocks and waves;
but sailors of the British fleet
are lovers, and not slaves.
No foes our courage shall subdue,
altho' we 've left our hearts with you.
These are our cares; but, if you 're kind,
we 'll scorn the dashing main,
the rocks, the billows, and the wind,
the pow'rs of France and Spain.
Now Briton's glory rests with you,
our sails are full—sweet girls! adieu!

Captain Thomson.

In storms when clouds obscure the sky,
and thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
in midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms:
the troubled main,
the wind and rain,
my ardent passion prove;
lash'd to the helm,
should seas o'erwhelm,
I 'd think of thee, my love.
When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
and art is vain the ship to guide,
in varied shapes when death appears,
the thoughts of thee my bosom cheers;
the troubled main,
the wind and rain,
my ardent passion prove;

lash'd to the helm,
should seas o'erwhelm,
I 'd think of thee, my love!

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
dispel the gloom and still the wind,
and waft me to thy arms once more,
safe to my long-lost native shore,
no more the main
I 'd tempt again,
but tender joys improve;
I then with thee
should happy be,
and think on nought but love.

The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
a competence in life to gain;
undaunted braves the stormy seas,
to find at last content and ease;
in hopes, when toil and danger 's o'er,
to anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
and thunders shake from pole to pole;
tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
in hopes when toil and danger 's o'er,
to anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
the early scenes of youth renew,
tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast:
may we, when toil and danger 's o'er,
cast anchor on our native shore!

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
the main-mast by the board—
my heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
and love well stor'd,
shall brave all danger, scorn all fear—
the roaring winds, the raging sea,
in hopes once more to be on shore
safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
the whistling winds that scud along,
and the surge roaring from below,
shall my signal be,
to think on thee,
and this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew
the mem'ry of their former lives
o'er flowing cans of flip renew,
and drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I 'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
and as the ship rolls through the sea,
the burthen of my song shall be,
Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board—
my heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
and love well stor'd,
shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear—
the roaring winds, the raging sea,
in hopes once more, to be on shore
safe moor'd with thee.

Dibdin.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
who roams o'er the wat'ry main!
no treasure he ever amasses,
but cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
to honour and honesty true;
and would not commit a bad action
for power or profit in view.
Chor. Then why should we quarrel for riches,
or any such glittering toy?
a light heart and thin pair of breeches
goes thorough the world, my brave boy.

The world is a beautiful garden,
enrich'd with the blessings of life,
the toiler with plenty rewarding,
where plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
and mountainous billows affright;
no grandeur or wealth can avail us,
but skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

The courtier 's more subject to dangers,
who rules at the helm of the state,
than we, who 're to politics strangers,
thus escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
in different nations we try:
no mortal than us can be greater,
who merrily live till we die.
Then why should, &c.

Ye ling'ring gales that feebly blow,
why thus impede my way?
Why moves the lazy ship so slow
when Mary moans my stay?
For when she bade me last adieu,
she dropp'd a tear, and cry'd, 'be true.'
Oft as the midnight watch I keep,
and view the sparkling sea;
while round my shipmates careless sleep,
I fondly think of thee:
remembrance paints my last adieu,
when Mary wept, and cry'd, 'be true.'
Oft up the shrouds my steps are borne,
to take my airy stand;
and oft my longing eyes I turn,
and look in vain for land:
dejected I rejoin the crew,
yet fondly hope, my Mary's true.
Come, then, ye gentle pleasing gales,
to one propitious prove;
come, swell the bosom of the sails,
and waft me to my love:
safe in her arms, to toils adieu,
if still I find my Mary true.

Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came,
where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side,
ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
when Jocky 's tost aboon the tide.
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
yet I 'll prove true as he has been;
and when ilk lass about him thrangs,
he 'll think on Annie, his faithful ane.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
he prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
and made a brag of what he 'd gi'e.
What tho' my Jocky 's far away,
tost up and down the ansome main,
I 'll keep my heart anither day,
since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
and fairly cast your pipe away;
my Jocky wad be troubled sair,
to see his friend his love betray:
for a' your songs and verse are vain,
while Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
my heart to him shall true remain,
I 'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
and gar your waves be calm and still;
his hameward sail with breezes speed,
and dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jocky 's far away,
yet he will braw in siller shine;

I'll keep my heart anither day,
since Jocky may again be mine.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

Life 's like a ship in constant motion,
sometimes high and sometimes low;
where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
whatsoever wind does blow:
when unassail'd by squall or shower,
wafted by the gentle gales,
let us not lose the fav'ring hour
while success attends our sails.

If all the wayward winds should bluster,
let us not give way to fear,
but each brave man his patience muster,
and learn, by reason, how to steer:
let judgment keep you ever steady,
It is a ballast never fails;
should dangers rise, be ever ready
to manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not, too much, your own opinion,
while your vessel 's under way;
let good example bear dominion,
that 's a compass will not stray:
when thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
or Boreas on the surface rails,
let good discretion take the rudder,
and providence attend the sails.

Then, when you 're safe from danger, riding
in some welcome port or bay;

hope be the anchor you confide in,
and care, awhile, enslumber'd lay:
and while heaven's bounty round is flowing,
when passion's storm no more prevails,
let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
bless the hand that guides the sails.

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elegiac.

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